

## Highway 29

Bruce Springsteen

I slipped on her shoe, she was a perfect size seven  
I said "There's no smokin' in the store ma'am."  
She crossed her legs and then  
We made some small talk that's where it should have stopped  
She slipped me her number, I put it in my pocket  
My hand slipped up her skirt, everything slipped my mind  
In that little roadhouse  
On Highway 29

It was a small town bank it was a mess  
Well I had a gun you know the rest  
Money on the floorboards, shirt was covered in blood  
And she was cryin', her and me we headed south  
On Highway 29

In a little desert motel the air was hot and clean  
I slept the sleep of the dead, I didn't dream  
I woke in the morning, washed my face in the sink  
We headed into the Sierra Madres 'cross the border line  
The winter sun shot through the black trees  
I told myself it was all something in her  
But as we drove I knew it was something in me  
Something that'd been comin' for a long long time  
And something that was here with me now  
On Highway 29

The road was filled with broken glass and gasoline  
She wasn't sayin' nothin', it was just a dream  
The wind come silent through the windshield  
All I could see was snow, sky and pines  
I closed my eyes and I was runnin'  
I was runnin' then I was flyin'